

## **I Walk Along the Avenue** by **AGenericUser**

**Series:** [The Misadventures of Chief Jim Hopper \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Jonathan might have had one too many drinks at that party, but there was no use worrying over that now. Right now his biggest problem was how he should go about getting home. The answer was obvious but a little daunting; call Chief Jim Hopper.

## I Walk Along the Avenue

### Author's Note:

I felt compelled to write a short story between my two favorite characters on the show, and there isn't any stories that develop the relationship between these two so I just thought, "Why not go for it."

Here we have the finished product. I apologize if anyone is out of character, this is my first time writing for these characters, so I'm still getting the hang of it. I didn't spend a lot of time editing this so I apologize for any mistakes you catch while reading.

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The Title of this work comes from the song "I Ran" by A Flock Of Seagulls.

(Rated Teen for swearing)

"Shit," Jonathan whispers under his breath.

Jonathan stands with his back leaned against the exterior wall of the house. A house which hosted a large, booze-infested, high school party.

Nancy had practically forced him to come to the party only to ditch him for Steve 15 minutes into the thing. Unfortunately, this sad fact led Jonathan to drink more than he should have, a lot more. Now he stands here in the cold working out how in the hell he was supposed to make his way home. He couldn't possibly drive, Steve drove both Nancy and him here, and Jonathan had lost track of the two fairly quickly.

Walking was always an option, but he was sure the walk back to his house might take an hour maybe even two, and in this cold weather he wasn't sure if he would actually be able to make it home. He can't even imagine how his mom would react if he died of hypothermia while walking home, especially so soon after what happened to Will. Never mind, walking was not an option.

That leaves one thing; call someone.

Jonathan stumbles his way to the payphone that is a little less than a block from the house. He opens the frosted over, glass door and steps

into the cramped box. Leaning his head against the glass, he wracks his brain for who he should call. Nancy and Steve were not even options, for obvious reasons. So that leaves him with his mom, but he couldn't possibly call her. He would have to look at the disappointment etched into her face, listen to her anxiously rant on what could have happened to him. He couldn't do that to her, he didn't want to be the one to worry her like that.

But who else was there to call?

He needed someone who was responsible, someone who had a car and whose number he would be able to find somewhere within his memory.

Suddenly a name popped into his head. He wasn't sure if it was a brilliant or an inanely terribly idea. But what other option does he have? With a shaky breath he retrieves the quarters from his pocket, and with unsteady hands he slots them into the payphone. Once he had gotten through to the operator and a subsequently dialed the number, he waits with bated breath for the person on the other side to answer.

“Hopper speaking,” The person on the other side sighs out in a gruff voice.

“Chief Hopper, its Jonathan,” He slurs in a quick and rushed fashion.

“Jonathan Byers?” Hopper’s voice is still raspy with sleep, but Jonathan can tell he’s becoming more awake.

“Uh, yeah.”

“Shit kid it’s,” He pauses to check the time, “nearly two in the morning!”

“Sorry, I’ll go,” Jonathan stutters nervously, his slur becoming more pronounced.

“Wait kid, are you drunk?” Hopper asks with controlled emotion.

There is nothing Jonathan can think to say but; “I’m sorry.”

“Damn, where the hell are you?”

Jonathan reads the street signs, reciting them carefully to the chief.

Hopper tells him he's on his way before hanging up. Jonathan stumbles out of the box and plops down on the curb, resting his head between his knees as the world spins around him.

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Hopper drives slowly down the street Jonathan had directed him to. He spots a shape huddled on the curb and pulls up relatively close to it. He walks carefully toward it, quickly recognizing the person as being Jonathan. He crouches in front of the kid carefully shaking his shoulder.

“Hey, kid?”

Jonathan's head jolts up quickly. The kid startles back slightly and his eyes are dazed and unfocused.

“Chief Hopper?” The kid's voice is thick with the accent of alcohol, his breath smells sharp and has the familiar sting of alcohol upon it.

“Yeah, it's me kid,” He answers gruffly.

Jonathan just nods at him, and damn does the kid look out of it.

“C'mon let's get you up and moving,” Hopper slings one of Jonathan's arms around his shoulder and slowly helps him up.

As soon as the kid has stood up, he collapses to left in his drunken haze, this causes Hopper to stumble.

“Be careful there kid,” He says, helping Jonathan back up.

“I'm sorry,” The kid slurs into his shoulder.

“I'm not looking for any apologies here, kid.”

And with that Hopper helps Jonathan into his car and buckles him in safely before crossing to the driver's side door. As soon as Hopper gets the car started, he turns the heater on high, doing his damnedest to warm the kid up. Soon they begin to drive back to the Byers household. It's only about a 15 minute drive and it appears that they have arrived in nearly no time at all. Turning the car off, Hopper makes his way around the vehicle to the passenger side door. It's there that Jonathan is trying with drunkenly shaking hands to

unbuckle his seat belt. Gently, or as gentle as Hopper can be, the chief guides Jonathan's hand into unbuckling the seatbelt.

"There we go," Hopper says in a rough but soft voice.

Carefully the two make their way across the Byers' front yard and up the rickety steps, it's a slow stumble but they manage. Finally, they reach the door standing Jonathan shakily getting out his key and, with guidance from Hopper, unlocking the door.

"You think you can manage to get to your room?"

Jonathan nods softly, "Thank you, Chief."

And with that Jonathan give him a tight hug, which both of the people involved will later blame on drunkenness.

Then Jonathan is slipping through the front door and Hopper is walking back to his car, lighting a cigarette on his way there.

And as Hopper leans against his car, smoking into the night air, he allows himself to indulge in the happy fact that Jonathan trusts him enough to call him when he's in trouble.

~End~